

talk dirty to me by cosmicdisco (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Dirty Talk, Established Relationship, M/M, Mutual Masturbation, PWP, Phone Sex, Smut, all lowercase, i was tipsy when i wrote and revised this, implied bottom!Billy, it's STYLISTIC ok, mentions of neil & susan also steve's parents, where is the plot

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-02

Updated: 2018-01-02

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:10:13

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,378

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“do my ears deceive me,” says billy confidently, “or is steve harrington calling me because he’s horny?”

billy’s tongue comes out to wet his lips and steve swears he can hear it through the handset.

talk dirty to me

Author's Note:

- For [womenseemwicked](#), [lucygu](#).

ok first of all i'm tipsy as i type this

maybe more than tipsy

i was tipsy when i wrote this and it was beta'd by ficsandfuckery. so holy shit tysm @ficsandfuckery you rly helped!!! @lucygu tysm for the prompt idea bc if u hadn't expanded upon it this would not be a thing!!!! aaaaAAHH

based on the idea of steve & billy doing a phonesex thing & talking dirtyyyyyy (cue poison)

1985 is fast-approaching in hawkins, indiana. it's half past ten and steve looks out the window, his view a sky of stars and a dark and looming forest securing the privacy of his fenced backyard and heated pool. he's in swim shorts and there's a towel on his bed, but it's too late to swim and ever since everything happened last year he's been apprehensive about swimming late when he's alone. steve holds his telephone in his hands and winds his fingers around the coiled cord anxiously. he thinks the cord is maybe how his insides feel, all coiled and tight. he's two beers in and working on his third, feeling a pleasant warmth spreading through him, feeling brave. his skin feels hot and he moves to draw the curtains closed, so he doesn't have to look out the window. he's lonely, but not in a particularly bad way. he thinks about billy hargrove.

one such billy hargrove sits at home, blaring hair metal as he sprawls on his bed in nothing but tight jeans. he lays across the middle of the bed; his head hangs off the edge as his denim-clad legs bend to accommodate the unconventional position. dirty blonde curls of different lengths fall as he bobs his head to a particularly sexy guitar solo, which is interrupted by a crude ringing. it's right next to his ear — ever since max disappeared *that night* eleven months ago, his old

man and stepmother insisted he have a telephone set up in his bedroom, so that they could call and billy could answer in the case of an emergency.

now, with the knowledge that neil and susan are out to dinner, his blood runs cold and he hopes it's not them; hopes everything is okay. he has no time now — he had planned to unveil the six-pack his friend matt had purchased for him and drink all six before bed. reluctantly, he gets up, fixing his hair and adjusting his jeans as he moves to answer the phone.

“hey, who's calling?”

billy tries to sound pleasant, apprehensive of the fact that it might be neil, susan, or one of their new neighborhood friends. the voice on the other end sounds pleasant, too, albeit just as nervous as he is.

“it's steve harrington. is william hargrove there? i'd really like to talk to him.” steve laughs on the other end, knowing clearly billy has answered the phone but feigning innocence with affectionate sarcasm.

billy freezes excitedly, holding the phone a little closer, eyes wide, a smile breaking across his face, his tongue coming between his exposed teeth. he turns down the music in haste and talks into the telephone.

“you got lucky, pretty boy. my parents aren't home. you call me again, expect my old man to be picking up on the other line.”

“sorry, i know you said only to call if it was an emergency. it's not an emergency. can i just come over then if your folks aren't home?”

steve sounds urgent and a bit whiny. billy just laughs, laying back on his bed, ugly tan plastic pressed to his face.

“do you have a deathwish, harrington? they'll be home in the next hour unless they're late again. max is asleep, but i have to stay home to watch her sorry ass. if you want some quality time with me, i suggest you try again another time.”

billy figures that's all steve wants and he's about to wish the teen on

the other line a good night when he hears the voice still coming through the receiver.

“wait! can we...talk on the phone for a minute?”

“what’s up, golden boy; you having a rough night?”

the arm not holding the handset comes up towards where billy’s lying (conventionally, this time) and he rests the back of his head against the palm of his hand.

“no, no, everything’s fine. it’s just my parents aren’t home and...”

“what, you miss them? you’re calling me for some therapy because mom and dad never stay home long enough for a good family dinner?”

on steve’s end, he hears billy laugh cruelly through the telephone. the brunette lets go of the telephone cord dejectedly, holding the handset to the side of his face as the other hand comes down to settle at his hips, sliding off his swim trunks, effectively giving up on the idea of a dip in the pool.

“no, no, stop. look, i can hang up if you’re that sick of me—“

“can’t get enough of you, harrington,” billy’s voice is dripping sarcasm into steve’s ear, but he follows the sour remark sweetly: “now tell me what’s going on.”

billy’s voice comes through the speaker low and heated and steve feels a wave of taunting arousal, slowly and absentmindedly runs his hand through his coiffed hair, down his neck, down his torso.

“...wanted to ask if you’d come over or if i could come there...i’ve never been this caught up in somebody,” the hand travels lower, brushing his hardening penis, running lightly over his hipbones. he wishes billy were here. “...sexually, for the most part—“

“do my ears deceive me,” says billy confidently, “or is steve harrington calling me because he’s horny?”

billy’s tongue comes out to wet his lips and steve swears he can hear

it through the handset.

“really horny,” steve admits, pumping a dollop of lotion into his free hand as blood flows from his brain to his cock. he strokes himself lazily, closing his eyes as he concentrates on speaking into the transmitter. “fuck. i miss you...miss fucking you...”

it’s only been two days since they’ve seen each other, and billy smiles to himself as he listens and responds.

“mmm, i miss that too, stevie boy. tell me what you miss most.”

billy uses his free hand to unbutton his jeans, which, he’s found, are tightening by the second just listening to steve’s voice.

“billy,” steve breathes, voice soft with excitement. “i don’t—i mean—i’ve never really done this before—”

“what, phone sex? it’s easy, just touch yourself and talk to me like i’m here.”

billy squirms out of his jeans, knees fighting the denim as they refuse to peel off.

“god, billy,” steve laughs, uncharacteristically coy. “i’ve been doing that since you started talking.”

“well then touch yourself and tell me what you’d do to me if i was there,” the blonde says, his erection bobbing as he kicks his jeans off his bed, naked now on the sheets.

billy squeezes a dollop of lubricant directly onto the rosy head of his cock and hisses at the contrasting temperatures, the wetness heating up as it trickles down his length. he takes his free hand and smooths it over, making his cock slick, taking his bottom lip between his teeth as he bucks his hips at the sensation.

“billy...” steve sounds conflicted, but his hand knows what to do instinctively as he pumps himself at a steady pace, his soft palm dipping down to cup his balls, then moving up again to tease the head of his already straining cock. billy’s voice like that, all sultry and soft, is something steve has never heard on the phone before.

“*steve*. what do you miss most about fucking me?”

“oh god,” *steve* comes back to the conversation. “okay.”

the brunette continues to touch himself, lotioned hand wrapped tightly around his dick. he imagines billy, the things he loves about billy, the things billy *does* to him. *two can play at this game*, he thinks as he works his hand a little faster.

“i miss...your mouth...kissing you, it’s like, you kiss like no other girl...”

billy laughs on the other line, his own hand teasing, moving slowly, his lubricated cock red and swollen, curls splayed out on his pillow as he holds the phone close. his dark, wet lips almost touch the transmitter.

“that’s because i’m not a girl.”

steve stutters, trying to concentrate on two things at once.

“no, that’s not what i meant. the way you kiss...when you bite my lip and my ear and my neck and touch me all over while you do it...and the way you pull my hair when we kiss sometimes...”

“thought you hated that.”

“i do,” *steve* starts defensively, “but only because of the hairspray.” he continues his ministrations as he speaks, blinking, his eyes roaming his bedroom ceiling as he imagines billy there, doing all the things he likes.

“it fucks it up, but you— when you pull it, it feels so good...and when you let me pull your hair and then you moan...god, the sound of your voice...”

“but what do you miss most about *fucking me*?” billy is unrelenting.

“fuck. god. the way you’re so obscene. you just let loose and become this totally different person, but with the same amount of passion. you’re so beautiful—“

“steve, you’re trying to get me off over the phone, not propose to me long-distance.”

“okayokayokay. so your mouth...” steve trails off into a choked moan as he feels himself getting closer, the pleasure building and becoming a constant, unignorable struggle.

“mmm, what about it?” billy wipes his hand on his sheets and runs it over his tanned, toned body, making pitstops to pinch his own nipples before setting the handset on his pillow so he can still hear steve’s voice as he takes two hands to squirt his lube onto his fingers. he sets it down with his clean hand and uses the same elbow to slowly anchor his body back down on the mattress as he presses the receiver to his ear and spreads his legs.

“when you suck me off, you’re so good at it,” steve continues through barely-labored breaths, trying not to let on how aroused he is despite his difficulty stringing words together.

“and when i’m inside of you, you’re so fucking tight, and i know it’s not because you’re uncomfortable, it’s— it’s just how you feel, you’re so into it, so fucking tight and hot and that thing you do with your muscles when you want me to cum—“

billy gasps softly, cheeks barely flushing, his earring clinking against the handset as he positions his fingers at his entrance and slides two in, stretching himself while he listens to steve, his erection twitching impatiently.

“love making you cum...” he manages as he moves his fingers back and forth inside himself.

“what,”— steve lets out a choked moan — “what else do you love about me?” his eyes are screwed shut now as he pumps himself furiously, wondering in the back of his mind whether billy can hear the wet noises.

“don’t get me started, harrington,” billy says smoothly, albeit a little more breathily. “my heart’s swelling as we speak.”

“your heart, right,” steve jokes, biting his lip, imagining what billy

must be doing.

“i’m so hard for you, pretty boy,” says the blonde, now sprawled on his bed, fingering himself desperately, his cock leaking precum. he continues, gasping into the phone as he brushes against his own prostate, heart and eyelashes fluttering.

“i love how — before i came along, when you were *king steve* — you probably wooed all the bitches. now when you’re with me you barely know what to do. thank god for all of that experience you have under your belt, stevie. oh, and that’s not the only thing under your belt that’s impressive.”

“i hope i’ve impressed you enough,” steve manages, still working himself fast.

“i love your cock,” billy says, immediately and unabashedly.

“y-yeah? w-what do you love about...*ah*...it...” steve loves billy’s voice right in his ear, loves hearing the noises he’s making. loves making noises into the telephone. it’s driving him wild.

“god, harrington, the first time i saw you in the showers, i couldn’t take my eyes off you. i love your body, and your dick gets me hard just looking at it, *mmm*, i wanna suck you off every day after basketball practice, i want you inside of me all the time because no other dick has felt *that good*, i could cum hands-free on it, it’s so big and i love choking on it...”

“*billy, fuck*,” steve says, his face flushed, the phone providing a cool relief on his hot skin. “i’m gonna cum if you keep talking like that.”

“that’s the point, idiot. are you touching yourself? are you close?”

“y-yeah...mmm...really close...” steve whines. “feels so good, but i wish it was your hand...or your mouth...or—”

“i know you’d just love that, wouldn’t you,” billy says wantonly, angling his hips to give himself a better angle, fingers pressing hard inside as he imagines steve inside of him.

“i’m getting off just fingering myself imagining it’s your fingers inside

of me. i love it when you get so riled up that you want to rush through it so you move hard and fast. with aim like you have, you... *ohhh*...you hit my prostate every time...make me cum so hard..."

steve's eyebrows crease in pleasure as he slows his hand, trying not to reach his orgasm too soon, giving his poor cock a break. but with billy's voice all hot and wrecked the way it is, it isn't more than a few seconds before he's stroking again, starting at a slow, tantalizing pace, speaking directly into the transmitter, voice nearly muffled as it jumps telephone lines in nanoseconds into billy's ear, moaning, hoping billy likes it the way he likes billy's sounds.

"you've taught me so much...*ahhh*...lucky for you, hargrove, i'm a fast learner."

"i'll say," billy is climbing fast towards orgasm as his fingers brush his prostate again. "took my dick like a champ the first time you blew me," he finishes breathily into the phone.

steve can hear the smile in his voice. "i'd do it again right now... *ohh*...if you were here," he humors.

"would you swallow? the renowned *king steve* on his knees for me?" billy groans into the handset.

"god, yes," steve's hand is back at its initial pace again, moving at an unforgiving speed, his cock red and swollen and shiny with precum and lotion and he's so hard he feels like he'll burst any minute.

"billy, i'm so close..."

billy turns up the heat, licking his lips directly into the phone. he wants steve to feel as good and fucked out as he feels. he wants steve to suffer the way he does, not having him here. he wants to make steve cum.

"i'd swallow for you, too, king steve. take you so deep...mmm, yeah, i'd be gagging but i'd love it, and then i'd lick you up and down and get you hard again, and i'd make sure you were nice and ready for me so i could ride you on your bedroom floor...*yeah*...give us both rug burn...you'd come yelling so loud like the slut you are, and i'd

hold you down so you couldn't move a muscle....i'd lean down and bite your neck, rock your fucking world when i—“

“*BILLY!*” steve cries out.

“you cumming for me, sweetheart?” billy’s fingers leave his asshole to massage his throbbing cock again, bucking into his hand as he closes his eyes and listens to steve’s blissed-out noises on the other end. he holds the phone to the pillow with his ear, his other hand snaking down to collect precum and smear it down his cock as the hand that was rubbing himself returns to slip inside his entrance and press against his prostate. he listens to steve.

“*yeah, yes, ohhhhhh god—*“ the brunette pants into the phone as he quickens his pace; his semen shooting out quick, painting his abdomen and torso, a drop of it catching the corner of his mouth, his orgasm making him shake and pant.

“mmm, yeah, yeah you are,” billy says through waves of arousal, moving his fingers inside himself, fucking his hand, the phone slipping out from under his ear to nestle near his neck as he works himself fast and hard.

“you sound so good, steve, fuck...you cum so long. so hard. god, i want it in me. want it rough...”

“jesus, billy...the fucking filth that comes out of your mouth...*god...*” steve sounds wrecked, coming down as he holds the handset to listen to billy.

“yeah, steve, talk to me, talk to me,” billy leans into the telephone, fingers pressing hard into that place that makes his whole body ignite with pleasure.

“wanna be rough with you, just like you want...wanna fuck you so hard...kiss you everywhere, suck you off, hold your legs open and eat you out like i would with a girl...whatever you wanted me to do i'd do, i wanna make you happy, i wanna make you cum, i love hearing you say my name...love it when you leave marks even though i get looks...love it when you cum on my cock, it feels so good...billy, i need you here, you feel so good...”

“oh god, steve,” billy’s voice over the phone chokes out. “*steve, ohhhh* —“ *his* whole body stills as his fingers press harder inside, his other hand pumping his cock with vigor and intention, thick white liquid coming in spurts from his twitching cock in his soft, wet hand. “*yes! steve!*”

“yeah, you like that, baby? did you cum?” steve’s voice sounds through the telephone handset on the pillow. billy’s tape has long since ended, his room shockingly silent now.

“i came so hard thinking about you...” billy gasps, grabbing the phone with a slick hand as his body tenses and relaxes in orgasm aftershock. “i imagined it so many times before we actually fucked but i didn’t know you could talk so *dirty*, king steve.”

“god, how bad did you want me before we got together?” steve sounds shocked on the other end. “i mean, i knew you could talk like that already, but fuck, babe, i came harder than i ever have alone, just thinking about you and the things you do to me...”

“i wanted you from the moment we met, okay? and that’s enough sweet-talk for today,” billy jokes, trying not to think too much about the fond praise steve offers him every time they talk.

“you act like you’ve never had phone sex. for being so experienced, you’re such a fucking virgin sometimes, harrington.”

“hey, as if any of the girls at hawkins high would let me do *that*.”

“as if any of the bitches at hawkins high would let you do any of the things that we do,” billy laughs, catching his breath as he turns over onto his side. he smiles into the phone as he continues.

“you’re pretty lucky, i’d say.”

“that’s the understatement of the century — and don’t call them bitches, it’s not a good look on you.” steve’s tone is stern, and it makes billy laugh harder.

“you covered in your own ejaculate thinking about my ass is a good look on you.”

“yeah, well, maybe i’ll do it more often than i already do.”

“next time it happens, and you know my old man isn’t home, call me,” billy winks, even though steve can’t see.

“now that’s an offer i can’t refuse.” steve smiles, even though billy can’t see.

the boys clean themselves up with their respective sheets and catch their breath, talking exhaustedly over the phone as they do so, dragging the cords and conversation lazily as long as they are able to, both of them knowing it will be cut short when neil and susan return to billy’s. thankfully, no one attempts to connect to the line of either telephone.

elsewhere, a team of professionals sit at their shared desk. millions of miles of tape rotate before them, recording every phone line of every potential danger in hawkins. one such representative sits and listens, eyes wide, a light flush on her cheeks. her hand twitches, her pen resting against her notebook, ready to document any potential threats to the safety and security of the hawkins department of energy. she shifts, her legs pressed together hard under the desk. the pen doesn’t move.